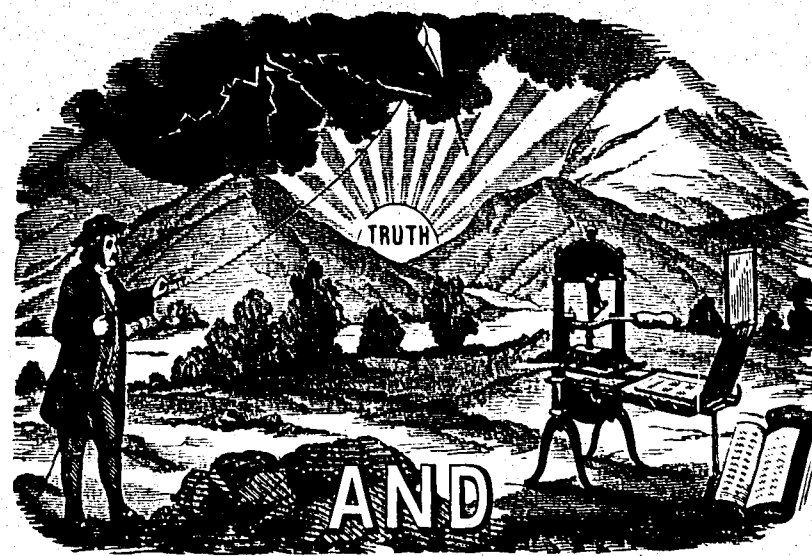


Mind



Matter.

Physical Life—The Primary Department in the School of Human Progress.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 28, M. S. 36.

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Falling Fetters.

111 Oliver Ave, Yonkers, N. Y.,
July 12th, M. S. 36.

Editor Mind and Matter:

I wonder if all mediums who are in sympathy with MIND AND MATTER, are as conscious as I am of the rejoicing in the spirit spheres every week that it appears; adding, as each successive number does, to the overwhelming testimony against the Christian fraud. After reading the July 13th number which came to hand to day, I was immediately controlled to write the following, which I send just as given, hoping that you may gather something good from it for yourself.

O. F. SHEPARD.

Chains are breaking—Earth is waking—
Waking us from death like trance;
Rousing reason—crushing treason,
Against the soul's inheritance.

Priestly scolding—timely warning—
That their craft goes "by the board";
Hear them mutter, scowl and spatter,
As they watch their lessening board.

Hear them praying, and portraying
Dreadful demons—scorching hell;
Hear their meaning, and their groaning,
And their clanging sabbath bells.

By perusing the confusing,
Muddled mass of Bible lore—
By that hoary, bloody story,
They have frightened people sore.

Courage brother—for no other
Spirits found so fit as you—
Who dared to chide e, and not refuse,
The valiant work they had to do.

No word missing—praise nor hissing—
Could e'er swerve you from the track;
Greatest glory w it in story
Would not make you turn your back.

'Mid the clamor and the glamer
Raised to mislead steady feet;
You grow stronger as the longer
You refuse with wrong to treat.

Courage, brother—there's no other
Takes the stand you're forced to do;
What we owe you we will show you
Ere another year is through.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

MRS. J. M. F., MEDIUM.

July 20th, M. S. 36.

RUDOLPH CHAIN.
(Montreal, Canada.)

GOOD EVENING:—I cannot get my thoughts arranged as I would like to; but I am very anxious to have a thorough investigation by men and women of the power we possess. Heretofore we have been looked upon with fear—people acknowledging that we had power to control human organizations to their destruction. Now I contend that all the laws of nature are, when they are obeyed, the cause of the true development of mankind. You do not expect any piece of machinery to operate systematically unless there is a true application of the principles involved in its construction; and spirit control is subject to the same law. Therefore I contend that when we fully understand and correctly apply the principles involved, it will be the means of developing all the resources of the human mind, and fitting material life, otherwise than the human mind is able to conceive of under the present state of development. You have evidence to day of the growth and strength of our power in this one event called the strike of the telegraph operators. In every movement of this kind that men have made in the past to gain their true position in society, they have not moved with the same precision or manifested the same moderation. There has nearly always been some violent disturbance created, and through that means they have lost their cause. I give the credit where it justly belongs, to the minds or to the forces of men who have assisted in educating or training individuals to gain a power through their own individual worth. You will find throughout great panics there is scarcely any manifestation of anger or any great desire to destroy; yet men and women stand firm in the cause that they feel to be just; and it is through such conditions that we expect to work out that better condition of society that has been spoken of by different individual intelligences for years past. The growth of individuals is increasing, and the power magnifies itself hour by hour, and you may expect wonderful results from men and women of this time and generation. Heretofore men have always bowed down to monopolies, or to the power that possessed or used the most of the material wealth of the universe; but the time has come for capital to bow to its creators. And, therefore, we wish every individual who desires to improve, or to grow into a condition of perfection, to use their individual magnetic forces in the direction of universal justice. None need fear the result of carrying out a just cause undertaken by individuals who have had experience enough to arrange a plan that will change almost all the conditions of society; for it is a power that is able to perfect itself. I will leave you with this one desire, that you may all seek to further the cause of justice, although it may not meet the approval of men who possess the power to control millions. Be true to yourselves and the victory is gained. Rudolph Chain, of Montreal, Canada.

RALPH BONNER.
(Syracuse, New York.)

How Do You Do?—I came into this meeting expecting to hear some one make a speech, and I find out that I am expected to speak myself. I will try to make what I say sense, and I must make my words good if possible. I used to think that if I laid down a code of morals for other people to live by, that I had done something very important, and it kept me so busy trying to find somebody doing as I thought they ought to do, that I forgot the most important actor, and that was myself; but since I gave up my mortal form, I have been requested to take a view of my own individuality. At first I could not see anything I had done, but to tell people what they ought to do. I could not find any individuality of my own, or any use I had been in the world. But I have outgrown some of the conditions that existed then, and I am working on my own individual identity to give it form and shape; and I find my time pretty well occupied in rooting out one prejudice after another, one of which was shaping individual lives without taking into consideration their organizations or the influences that surrounded them. It is very easy for a person who has all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life to shape the destinies of individuals who have not a condition to even acquire the common necessities of their material existence; and since fully learning life's lesson, I am astonished at the great state of harmony that exists under such unfavorable conditions. Now, if I had been placed in the condition of many, I know I would have been more turbulent and aggressive than they; but that spirit would not have acted in my favor. There would have been another condition created for my destruction. I am here, not to tell others what to do, but to learn how to assist to do the important work that lies before embodied spirits. I have gained a power that I think could not have been gained under any other circumstances—I mean by controlling a human organization that is entirely different in many respects from myself. Instead of throwing my conditions of development upon her, I take strength from her unfoldment in a direction different from my own; and it will be the means of balancing an unbalanced organization of spirit, and creating a condition for me to see justice as I have never seen it before. And this law holds good in all cases of spirit control, making it possible, under some conditions to improve our spirit condition, while under others we would destroy or abuse the power we hold, and create disturbing elements among men. But the desire is to gain power to balance ourselves, and by so doing, that power will become universal, making perfection where imperfection reigns. As I feel that my labor here is accomplished, I will retire, wishing you all success in every honest undertaking of your souls; and in the future we will all join in acknowledging that great Creative Power—that principle of justice that perfects all nature. Ralph Bonner, of Syracuse, New York.

ELIZA ANN RIGHTER.
(Grand Rapids, Michigan.)

Laws sakes! I've got a new face! Did you ever see anything like it? I guess I'm lost! [You are not lost; you are controlling a medium.] Oh! that's it, is it? I'm glad I have some way to understand things. When I was told to come in here, they said people would get regenerated by so doing—they said age would glide away and youth and beauty return; and as I never had a great deal of the latter, I thought the best thing I could do was to come. I don't know that I've got the power to give you any information about books and things, for I never knew much about 'em. But still I guess I must have had a pretty good streak in my nature, because with all my my drawbacks people seemed to like me right well; and when I got too feeble to take care of myself, I had a good many friends who took care of me. And after I was done with my own body, they buried me decently as they thought. They had a whopping funeral sermon preached, and I listened to it myself; and to tell you the real truth, I thought the preacher was a fool, for he swung his hands and made faces, and said the Lord Jesus Christ, as if that had anything to do with me. And if it had, you might have been very sure I would not have been here. But I want to say I am thankful for my friends' good intentions, but they might just as well have had a circus as a funeral sermon, for all it amounted to. They said every one ought to be particular and try to be themselves, and I think I have been myself. Eliza Ann Righter, of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

WILLIAM LAFOIN.
(Liverpool, England.)

How do you arrange this kind of a meeting? [We have no special arrangements. We will be glad to hear what you have to say.] Well, I have considerable that I would like to say if I could stay and hold myself as I am at the present time; for it awakens in me a new interest in life when I take up my own individuality in a material form. What I once thought was of vast importance seems now to be the half of the earth, destroying all the conditions of trust and honor among men. It is difficult for me to have to acknowledge this, but as I claim that individuals should acknowledge the truth as soon as it is discovered by them, I act out my own convictions of justice in

so doing. I have had instructors for some time explaining to me this principle of spirit control, and the study has been one of pleasure and profit as far as I have proceeded; for it will settle the matter, or question, of the immortality of the human soul, and prove in time the real condition of the spirit after it leaves the mortal form; and that is something that interests every individual. I will now give a little account of my own experience. When that change came to me, for a time, I did not realize that I was what the world calls dead, and I looked upon my friends in amazement to see that they did not recognize me nor my desires; for I possessed a form apparently as material as the organization I left; and my spirit seemed to hold all my individual thoughts as a human being. And it was sometime before I could bring myself to understand that my friends were unable to see and recognize me as myself. You may judge a little of my experience by placing yourself in a room with your family, conversing with them and making demands upon their attention and receiving none—each one intent on their own individual purposes, not recognizing your presence. That is a condition of disappointment as to your ability to act and be understood by any intelligence. But I found, outside of that, many friends ready to recognize me as a disembodied spirit—ready to aid me in overcoming the unpleasantness of the situation—interesting me in some of their own developments. I became interested in knowing that I would live eternally in the condition in which I then existed, so far as an identity was concerned—subjected to changes reforming and developing my spiritual faculties. Yet, retaining the same spirit, the change would produce something very different from the first unfoldment; and I think I was particularly fortunate in the instructors that surrounded me. I soon learned to give my spirit the opportunity to expand; and I now possess the power to acquire knowledge in any direction that I particularly desire. As I have arrived at knowledge sufficient to control an organization and express my thoughts, I do not feel that by gaining the spiritual that I have lost the material; and as material substance adds to spiritual development, I feel that life's development is universal. Sometime hereafter, when I feel in a condition to impart important knowledge, I will control and impart it to you. My name was Wm. LaFoin, of Liverpool, England.

SARAH YEAD.
(Wheeling, W. Va.)

GOOD MORNING:—[It is not morning. It is evening.] Is that so? Well, maybe I have made a mistake. It seemed like morning to me, for that is the last I recollect. I was told that if I came in here and spoke a few words, it would do me a great amount of good, and aid many others in getting power to do the same. So I've started out on my mission for the benefit of myself, and possibly of being the means of helping others. I used to wish that everybody could go through with some of the experiences that I did, while I lived in my own form, working out life's conditions; but since I have had some experience as a spirit, I have ceased desiring that others should endure what I did. For I find that each one is undergoing an experience that will unfold their spirituality, in a way best fitted for them. And, as you have often been told by intelligent minds that there were circumstances arising, which would make it possible for every human being to acquire all they physically need, and that they would gain conditions to develop their individuality in the direction they desired, it is scarcely necessary for me to reiterate the facts. But as I sympathize with human uncertainty, I cannot do less than give a word of encouragement; and I ask you all to clothe yourselves with the armor of truth, and the victory will be won. My name is Sarah Yead, of Wheeling, West Virginia.

A LITTLE GIRL SPIRIT.
(New Orleans, La.)

Does you knows I comes to have a little bits of talks. Cause bigs mens and bigs womens comes and mes comes too. Mes want to say mes got what they calls daises. Mes has a sissie whats called Daisy. [Is she with you?] Yes, she comes too when, these mens say, she gets development. Sissie not talk. She's not's bigs as mes is. Mes got papa wis mes. [What is his name?] His name's papa what mes calls him. He says hes name's what's calls Charlie Markley. He says hes names Markley. Mes knows mes dead. Good bye. Papa says mes comes from place what calls New Orleans.

LEONARD WILSON.
(Boston, Mass.)

Speaking of psychology makes me think of the time when I used to stroll the earth in a form of my own. We did not know anything about Spiritualism then, but we made a discovery that we could occasionally control one another; and many a prank was played off upon us by this power. Many times we gave ourselves credit for things that some one else did; and this is the way it seems to be yet, for there is always some one willing to claim more power than they really possess. At the time we were experimenting, disembodied spirits were acting upon us and leading us to a variety of conclusions about our ability to control one another. Your speaking of psycholo-

gy awakened in me a desire to once more hold an organization to express thought. At the present time there is a powerful magnetic force concentrating itself around individuals, and it is so great that it makes it difficult for us to give well balanced communications; for you all feel it to such an extent that we are encouraged to expect that the outside forces will recognize the protection we are striving to place around them. The present moment is fraught with an interest so deep that each one of us is in a state of considerable anxiety; for the events of a few days are likely to make a condition of prosperity for this government, instead of becoming one of universal destruction to the interests of humanity. But I have no fear in regard to the result, for it seems men are being governed by wisdom, and the forces are rallying all the reserves to the rescue, and success must crown the liberties of the people. I will close the circle for we must work while we may. Leonard Wilson of Boston, Mass.

Lois Walsbrooker on Spiritualism.

AT LILY DALE CAMP MEETING, July 23, '83.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

I listened to a conversation yesterday between Mrs. Mattie Hull and another lady which will interest your readers, and especially those who have wondered why W. F. Jamieson became a Materialist. Something had been said about Jesuitical spirits, when Mrs. Hull remarked:

"I never believed much in that idea till Moses had his discussion with Jamieson. After the discussion in New York city, Mrs. Lasage remarked to me: 'I do not know but he is honest, but he is obsessed. I saw a cross upon his back, and a Catholic priest (a spirit) came in with him.' I told this to a friend in Vineland, and she replied: 'That is strange; the same thing was seen here.' We went to Hartford, and after the discussion Mrs. Phillips said to me: 'I did not believe that Jamieson was earnest in his position, but now I think he is, for I saw a cross upon his back, and a Catholic priest with him.' The next day I met a gentleman who had held no communication whatever with Mrs. P., from the fact that they were not on speaking terms, and he made the same remark as to the cross and the priest which he saw in Jamieson's place, being convincing evidence of the man's honesty and obsessed condition."

Mrs. Hull had no idea that her conversation was to be reported, but gave it as evidence which convinced her of the fact of Jesuitical power and activity.

While in Columbus, Ohio, in May last, I held a conversation with Mr. Elliott, editor of the *Sunday Capital*, upon this very question, and Mr. Elliott's remarks carry the more weight from the fact that he was born a Catholic, but is to-day so independent that I have heard him say that he had not more of politics or religion than he could carry in his pocket, if it seemed for his interest so to do; but when it came to the rights of the people as against a titled or a moneyed aristocracy, there he would neither be bought nor sold. He further admitted that he had had proof of the return of spirits through his clairvoyance or actual sight, which he could not say, the experience was so real.

I said to this gentleman, "Mr. Elliott, conceding the premises, to wit, that the simple fact of the death of the body, makes no change in the character of the individual, and that change or growth in spirit life depends upon the same laws as here—admitting all this, is not the belief that Jesuitical spirits oppose with all the power and cunning that can be brought to bear, the physical phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, perfectly logical?"

His reply, as nearly as I can word it was as follows:

"It certainly is—not only logical, but to be expected. They are a cold blooded set, no family ties, all their forces absorbed in the love of power, and they must inevitably oppose a movement which tends directly to the overthrow of the hierarchy to which they belong."

Such was the reply of this born Catholic, who, having become disgusted with both political and theological nonsense, still retains his common sense; and yet open and avowed Spiritualist, who accept the premises—who teach as a part of the philosophy of Spiritualism, that death does not change the character, such laugh at the idea that Jesuitical spirits may and do take advantage of the weakness, or ignorance, of honest mediums, and obsess them to their own injury, and that of the cause they love. Surely consistency is a jewel of rare value, if rareness can give value.

The Lily Dale Camp-meeting is fairly opened, and the prospects are that we shall have a profitable time.

Send me some copies of MIND AND MATTER and I will see that they are distributed. I shall probably be here through the meeting.

Yours etc.,

LOIS WALSBROOKER.

Mr. F. O. MATTHEWS holds circles every evening except Wednesday and Saturday evenings at his residence 1223 South Sixth St., Philadelphia. Admission 15 cents, Private sittings daily from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Terms \$1.00. Mr. Matthews also keeps MIND AND MATTER on sale at his house, and will also take subscriptions for the same.



ARCHIBALD STONE'S MIS-TAKE.

Archibald Stone is Archie's name,
And Daisy Stone, that's Daisy;
Mamma's and Papa's are just the same,
And mine—why, I am Maisy.

Daisy and I are twins, you know,
Exactly eight years old;
We are just alike from top to toe,
And our hair is just like gold.

And Archie he is a most ten,
And figures on a slate;
But does not add up rightly when
He says we are not eight.

For I have learned a little song—
Its name is "Two Times Two";
That's why I know that Archie's wrong,
For 'course the song is true.

Papa says not to worry more,
Nor vex my little pate;
But Daisy's four and I am four,
And that makes us just eight.

—From St. Nicholas for July.

An Old Story From Denmark.—The Boy Who Fought Against Nelson.

There are many things well worth seeing in the old town of Copenhagen, the prettiest of all Danish cities. There is the Exchange, built 200 years ago, with a queer old spire shaped like seven serpents all twisted up together. There is the great white mass of the Round Tower, with the winding path up which Peter the Great once went on horseback. There is the Frue-Kirke, with its marble figures of Christ and the twelve apostles, carved by the famous Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, whose grave you may see in the middle of the Royal Museum, with the statues which he made standing around it like sentinels. There is the royal park, in the centre of which lies the ornamental lake where old King Frederick VI. used to row himself about in a small boat, with crowds of people looking on. And then, last but not least, there is the tall house at the corner of the Oester-Gade, or East Street (the Broadway of Copenhagen), at which the little Danish children looked up sadly one morning in 1875, when they heard that dear old Hans Christian Andersen was dead, and would never write fairy tales for them any more.

But the prettiest sight of all is the Soldiers' and Sailors' Burial-ground, which lies on the slope of a low ridge a little way north of Copenhagen, overlooking the white houses and red roofs of the city, and the brilliant masts in the harbor, and the bright blue waters of the Sound, and the purple hills of Sweden beyond it.

There are no splendid monuments or long epitaphs here: nothing but plain wooden crosses, each marked with a simple date and the words "Fallt for Fædrelandet" (fallen for his country). Most of them bear the date of "1864," when poor little Denmark was crushed by Austria and Prussia together; but on a few of the older ones you will see "1801." This too was a memorable year for Denmark, and one of the stories connected with it is the story of the boy who fought against Nelson.

It is a fine morning in April, 1801, and the sun is shining brilliantly over Copenhagen. But his brightest rays can not pierce the thick clouds of rolling white smoke that drift upward, hot and stifling, from the batteries along the Danish shore, and the scores of stately ships on the smooth waters beyond, the thunder of whose cannon brings an answering echo from every hollow among the Swedish hills. Vice-Admiral Horatio Nelson, the terror of France and Spain, has come with an English fleet to punish Denmark for allying herself with England's mortal enemy, Napoleon; and this day it shall be seen how Danish men can fight under the eyes of their own people, with the Prince of Denmark himself to lead them on.

For more than three hours the battle has raged, and it is still as hotly contested as ever. Thick as a November fog lies the hot sulphurous smoke, through which a fierce red flash breaks ever and anon like lightning playing in a cloud. Unseen ships exchange volleys with unseen batteries. Stone walls crumble and masts fall as if by magic, and death comes blindly, no man knows whence or how.

All along the harbor wall, despite the flying shot that plump into the water at their feet, or dash fragments from the parapets around them, are gathered crowds of pale faces and trembling figures—old men hardly able to crawl, weeping women, young girls clasping their hands tighter at every fresh burst of cannon-thunder, and round-faced children gazing with wide wondering eyes at the maddening uproar around them. In all that great throng there is not one who has not a son, a brother, a husband, or a near friend in the heart of that rolling smoke, behind which death is so busy; and well may they shrink and tremble as the gradual slackening of the Danish fire at length begins to tell that the day is going against Denmark.

Suddenly there issues from the thickest smoke, cast up by the tide at the very feet of those in the Tre Kroner (Three Crowns) Battery, a mass of floating spars and clinging men, foremost among whom is a bright-eyed lad in the uniform of a Danish midshipman.

"Who are you?" asks a tall, fine-looking man in a richly embroidered suit of navy blue, for whom every one makes way respectfully.

"Oscar Villimves, midshipman of the *Dannebrog*, your Royal Highness," answers the boy, raising his hand to his wet, powder-grimed forehead in salute; for this tall man is the Crown Prince of Denmark himself. "We fought the Admiral's flag ship till there were only a dozen of us left; and then, as we didn't choose to surrender to the Englishmen, we jumped overboard and floated ashore upon these spars."

The Prince's brow darkens, for the *Dannebrog* has been one of his finest ships. But before he can speak, Villimves turns to those around him.

"Lads, who'll help me to make a raft? We'll show these English that a Dane's not beaten just because his ship has been sunk."

Fifty willing hands were instantly at work. The young midshipman gives his orders as coolly

and clearly as the oldest captain afloat, and in a wonderfully short time a strong frame-work of beams and spars, with planks fixed crosswise upon them, lies all ready on the water.

"And now a couple of guns," cries Villimves, "and away we go!"

"But what are you going to do, my lad?" asks the amazed Prince.

"Get alongside the English flag-ship, and at her again. Her guns can't reach so low, and she'll soon see what our guns can do."

And the raft, impelled by as many men as can safely crowd themselves upon her, glides straight toward the huge three-decker that bears the flag of Admiral Nelson.

For this little patch of floating logs to assail the mighty line-of-battle ship seems as absurd as for a fly to attack an elephant; but it soon appears that Villimves is right. Lying right underneath the guns, and safe from their shot, he quickly makes himself felt. Splinters fly like snow from the stern of the *Victory*, and men fall right and left before the English can even tell whence the mischief comes. But at last an officer looks over the side, and sees with amazement that the cause of all this havoc is a small raft commanded by a boy.

"Get away, you young fool!" cries he; "you'll be shot if you don't."

"I'll be shot if I do," replied Villimves, laughing.

"Well, if you will have it, you must," said the other, in a tone of gruff admiration. "Marines, jump up here, and give these fellows a dose."

And now it begins to go hard with the poor little raft, for although the cannon cannot reach her, the muskets of the marines deal death at every volley. But as each Dane falls another takes his place, and the fire never slackens for a moment. Villimves, his clothes torn with shot, his blood flowing from more than one wound, his men lying dead or wounded all around him, fights stubbornly on until only five of his crew are left.

Suddenly there comes a lull in the firing, and presently it ceases all together. Then there looks over the stern of the British flag ship a pale, worn face (at sight of which all the English sailors take off their caps respectfully), and Villimves hears a clear, sharp voice saying to him:

"Well done, my boy. You can leave your post now, for the order has been given to cease firing. Come on board and dine with us; we'll all be proud to have you, for you're the best man we've fought to-day."

The young hero's boyish face flushes proudly, as well it might, for he who praises him thus is no other than Admiral Nelson himself.

The morning after the battle there was a great gathering of English and Danish officers at the King's palace in Copenhagen. There were many splendid uniforms there, and many fine-looking men; but the object upon which all eyes were fixed was a small, slight, pale-faced man with one eye, and his empty right sleeve pinned to his breast. The Danes who had seen him before bowed to him with the utmost reverence; but those who had not, found it hard to believe that this little maimed sickly figure could really be the terrible Nelson who had destroyed their finest fleet at one blow.

"Your lordship has fairly won the day," said King Frederick, holding out his hand to the English Admiral; "but I trust you will give us Danes the credit of having done our best to beat you."

"Your Majesty's sailors have done all that the bravest men could do," answered Nelson, heartily. "The French fight well, but they could not have borne for one hour the fire which your brave fellows bore without flinching for nearly five. I have been in a hundred and five battles, but this last was the hardest of all."

Here the Admiral stopped suddenly, cast a keen glance into the crowd, and then sprang forward and seized by the hand a young Danish midshipman—no other, in fact, than our friend Villimves.

"Glad to see you again, my brave boy; you're an honor to your flag. Your Majesty, if I were in your place, I'd make this young fellow an admiral on the spot."

"My lord," replied Frederick, bowing, with a glow of pleasure on his handsome face, "if I were to make all my brave officers admirals, I should not have a single captain or lieutenant in my service."

But although the King did not make Villimves an admiral, he made him a lieutenant that very day; and in after years the young midshipman became one of the foremost men in the whole Danish navy.—*Harpers Young People.*

Fifth Annual Camp Meeting.

Fifth Annual Camp Meeting of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists, to be held at Flint, August 17 to 27, 1883.

The Executive Board of the State Association take pleasure in announcing that the arrangements for the Fifth Annual Camp Meeting, to be held as above, are in a satisfactory stage of progress.

Among the speakers already engaged from outside the State, are Hon. A. B. Bradford, of Pennsylvania, and Mrs. H. S. Lake, formerly of California, but now working in Ohio. Mr. Bradford was formerly a Presbyterian minister, but has grown clear out of his creed and his clerical robes, and is now a representative Spiritualist and Liberalist. Mrs. Lake is one of the most gifted female speakers on the Spiritual and Liberal rostrum.

Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane, the only survivor of the original Fox family, is engaged to attend the meeting, and, in addition to her mediumistic gifts, will tell the people the story of Hydesville in 1849, in which she was one of the principal actors—a story and a place that are at once classic, legendary and historical, and we may add sacred, with all who recognize the essential truths of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Olie Child Denslow, whose voice has heretofore been heard so acceptably at our gatherings, is engaged to sing.

The local feeling at Flint is unanimous and earnest in favor of making the coming meeting a success beyond any of its predecessors, and the Secretary's correspondence shows a similar feeling throughout the State.

David Turbush, of Flint, has been appointed Financial Secretary for the meeting, and will have responsible charge of all financial details.

Fuller and further announcement will be made in due season.

By order of the Executive Board:

W. J. CROCK, President.

S. B. McCracken, Secretary.

Flint, June 30, 1883.

The Work at Wicket's Island Home.

WICKET'S ISLAND HOME, July 16, 1883.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

I feel impressed that many of the readers of your valuable paper are anxious to hear how the spirit work is progressing at this Island Home.

As you know, I spent most of the winter in your city, where I had very good success in my lectures and practice. This enabled me to keep up the work here. This spring we have finished most of the rooms, and made other improvements, both in the house and on the grounds.

Although we have had workmen here for many weeks, yet, with all the noise and confusion incident thereto, the work of the spirit band has not been delayed. We have had evidence of their presence and power to operate; and the inmates of the Home have had occasion to rejoice that the Home existed.

George Ladd, of Ohio, of whose demise you have been notified, came to the Island last September. He had been a Spiritualist for many years, long before the Rochester rappings, but he was surrounded by orthodox persecutors to such an extent that he was anxious to find some place where he would feel free to read his spiritual papers and enjoy the communion of his spirit friends. From the first notice that appeared in the paper in reference to this Home, he was anxious to come here, as he expressed it, "to die in peace." Being quite an old man (79 years), the way did not open for him to come until last September. When he arrived at the Island, during the winter, he was able to work on the grounds when the weather would permit, but in March he showed signs of failing strength. Having been a hard working man, and a great sufferer from physical infirmities in his younger days, he had no power to rally, and gradually grew weaker, till, on the 30th day of May, his spirit was born into that higher life, so calmly that the last moment of his departure could scarcely be known. Several times during his sickness he saw his spirit wife and daughters, with other friends whom he had known in early life.

He was a poor man, but many times since he became an inmate of the Home, he remarked with much feeling: "I am so thankful this Home of freedom is established—it is so good to be able to read my Spiritual papers and express a liberal thought without creating a storm. If I had a million of dollars, I would give it freely for this work and to sustain the Home for all who wish to enjoy its delightful scenes and be free."

The funeral services were conducted by the writer, and every desire expressed by Mr. Ladd was carried out. The body was taken across the bay and laid in the cemetery at East Wareham. He has on several occasions manifested his presence as a spirit, and expressed his continued interest in the Island work.

When we reflect that there are hundreds, yes, thousands, all over our land, who are being persecuted for their Spiritual views, who are so bound and fettered that they would gladly do as this old man did—turn his back upon home, children, and all the old associations of a long life, for the sake of being free to think and express liberal or spiritual ideas, if the way were opened for them and they could find food and shelter, till other more agreeable avenues could be made for them.

During my stay in your city, I visited the home for aged and indigent Odd Fellows, that was established by, and is kept up and supported by penny contributions. Each Odd Fellow gives a cent a week or fifty-two cents a year towards its support. I have often thought since I visited that home and saw so many men there, so comfortably situated in their old age and infirmities, how many of our worthy good mediums would be made comfortable and happy if all believers in our beautiful philosophy would feel the importance of the work, and contribute one cent a week towards it. How soon this Home could be filled with those who have been channels for the spirit world to manifest through, who have endured all sorts of persecution, and are languishing, yes, passing out of the body prematurely, because there is no resting place where the necessities of their physical bodies can be met.

I have so many applications from so many worthy mediums who want to come to the Home, that it makes me heart-sick to know that I have nothing to offer them. Yet so much money is, all the time, being expended in building churches and furnishing them extravagantly that a poor man or woman dare not enter their doors, and thousands of God's children are languishing for the bread to sustain life.

I will mention another evidence of the power and wisdom of the spirit world to bring about certain results and do good. During my visit in Philadelphia, I met a young lady who has had a physical infirmity for many years, who was an active worker in the church, became a Spiritualist, discovered she had mediumistic powers, was rejected by the church on that account, and was turned from an institution, where she had a right to remain, as she is a soldier's orphan. But, on account of her being a medium, she could not remain there. She sought a refuge with Spiritualists, a small contribution was made up for her, and she came to the Island Home. She has been here nearly two months, with the grandest results. She is strong enough to walk without the crutch which she has carried for eight years. Her health in other ways has greatly improved, but the greatest blessing has been her spiritual development. Joining our development circle soon after her arrival, she showed signs of being controlled. At the third sitting, the spirit of one, who said she was a Mother Superior in the Catholic Church, got full possession of her, and made some startling revelations. She said she had been around this child since her birth, and had been the cause of all her sufferings in the body; said that she saw she had strong medium powers, but she should not use them; said she would have her in an insane asylum; in fact, made all sorts of threats, not only against the girl, but against the inmates of the Home, because we took her in. It was nearly three weeks before we could persuade or influence that spirit to either leave the girl, or to try to get light and do good. Sometimes she would appear to be repentant; then a demon from the infernal regions would not talk or act worse. But finding at length all efforts useless, she left, since which time other influences have come, and she is now developing very rapidly in several phases of mediumship. She has given some fine tests—has spoken at the conference meeting at the Grove, and the spirits say she has powers for materialization.

The experience we have had with this young girl has taught us some valuable lessons, and when I see the change that has come over her

young life, and the flattering prospects that are before her, as an instrument through whom the spirit world may be able to do a grand work, I feel that this one redemption of a human soul, and the liberation of a spirit from darkness and wrong-doing, pays for all the sacrifices we have made towards establishing this Home for the spirits to operate in.

This case, as in that of Mr. Ladd, shows the great need of, not one, but many such homes, where mortals and spirits can be more closely united, and the good work of redemption go on. God speed the day, when the hearts of the people shall be opened, and means shall be laid upon the altar of humanity, so that all darkened spirits, whether in or out of the form, shall have such conditions made for them, that all may rise to a higher and purer atmosphere, where spirits shall have freedom to develop all the latent power now lying dormant for the want of proper surroundings for development.

I have digressed from what I had intended to say concerning other particulars of the home, on which points I will now only say, that we have had quite a number of patients and students for two months past, all of whom are being greatly benefited, both physically and spiritually.

We expect our Kansas City friends and many others the first of August.

We are all anxious for you, Mr. Editor, to come and spend all the time you can spare (from your editorial duties) with us. All who come to this Island Home will find a free platform; warm hearts to welcome them; a most delightful, cool and healthful place; with not one inharmonious condition, if it is possible to keep those away who would produce it. And a powerful spirit band will greet all, and manifest in whatever way they may be able, their presence and co-operation.

DR. ABIE E. CUTTER.

We take this opportunity to say that it will be impossible for us to leave our editorial post during the present summer, gladly as we would do so, if we felt it practicable without neglecting most important duties. We rejoice, however, to know that the work which Mrs. Dr. Cutter has in hand is proceeding with such good results, and only regret that this noble-hearted woman is not aided pecuniarily in her god-sent and god-approved mission of benevolence and love for suffering humanity. There is no spot on earth at which we would spend a few weeks so joyfully as at Wicket's Island, Onset Bay, East Wareham, Mass., but duty commands otherwise, and with us her voice is law. To Dr. Cutter and the friends at Wicket's Island Home, we send our congratulations and to Dr. Cutter and family our fraternal thanks and sympathy.

People's Camp Meeting.

At Cassadaga Lake, Chautauqua County, N. Y., beginning July 26th, and closing, August 28th. Cassadaga Lake is situated on the D. A. V. & P. R. R., midway between Dunkirk on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern and Erie Railroads, and Jamestown on the Buffalo and Southwestern and Atlantic and Great Western Railroads. It is a lovely sheet of water, navigated by steam, 800 feet above Lake Erie, and 1,300 feet above tide water. Excursion tickets good for the season. Can be purchased at low rates on all railroads in the country.

The following list of speakers have been engaged:—Sunday July 29th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. Wm. Fletcher, New York City; Monday, July 30th, J. Wm. Fletcher; Tuesday, July 31st, J. Wm. Fletcher; Wednesday, August 1st, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; Thursday, August 2d, Hon. R. S. McCormick, Franklin, Pa.; Friday, August 3d, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; Saturday, August 4th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, J. E. Emerson, Beaver Falls, Pa.; Sunday, August 5th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, O. P. Kellogg; Monday, August 6th, Conference and volunteer speaking; Tuesday, August 7th, Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y.; Wednesday, August 8th, Lyman C. Howe; Thursday, August 9th, Lyman C. Howe; Friday, August 10th, J. Frank Baxter, Chelsea, Mass.; Saturday, August 11th, Mrs. Clara Watson, Jamestown, N. Y.; J. Frank Baxter; Sunday, August 12th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, J. Frank Baxter; Monday, August 13th, Conference and volunteer speaking; Tuesday, August 14th, Mrs. Anna Kimball, Dunkirk, N. Y.; Wednesday, August 15th, W. W. King, Chicago, Illinois; Thursday, August 16th, W. W. King; Friday, August 17th, Geo. W. Taylor, Lawton Station, N. Y.; Saturday, Aug. 18th, Mrs. A. H. Colby, O. P. Kellogg; Saturday August 19th, W. W. King, Mrs. A. H. Colby; Monday, August 20th, Conference and volunteer speaking; Tuesday, August 21st, Mrs. Emma Tuttle; Wednesday, August 22d, Hudson Tuttle; Thursday, August 23d, W. W. King; Friday, August 24th, Hudson and Emma Tuttle; Saturday, August 25th, A. B. French, Clyde, Ohio; Mrs. N. T. Brigham, Colerain, Mass.; Sunday, August 26th, Mrs. N. T. Brigham, A. B. French.

It is confidently expected Mrs. Libbie Watson, of California, recently from Australia, will be with us. Mr. O. P. Kellogg, the ready and capable presiding officer, will have entire charge of the meetings and the general supervision and control of arrangements during the Session.

C. E. Watkins, the wonderful independent slate writer, will hold seances at the close of the speaking each day. Mrs. Mary Andrews, one of the first materializing mediums will give daily seances, and many other noted mediums will be present.

The Society have engaged for the full term of the meetings A. J. Damon's Orchestra, of Dunkirk. This orchestra is pronounced by musical critics as having no superior in Western New York. He will furnish music for dancing Wednesday and Saturday evenings of each week regularly. The Brass Band will furnish music during the day.

The Pettit family of vocalists, of Alliance, Ohio, have also been engaged for the first two weeks of the meetings.

Some of the most remarkable mediums in the country will be present. Every phase of mediumship will be represented. [Aug. 18.]

MIND AND MATTER is on sale at Mrs. Connelly's store, 818 Buttonwood street, Philadelphia, and can be procured there instead of at the Hall during the summer months, while there is no speaking at the Hall. When the lectures are resumed it can be obtained at the Hall as usual.

Under the heading "Evidence of the Non-Existence of the Therapeutae. The Essenes of Purely Jewish Origin and Non-Buddhistic," Mr. Coleman, in the *Journal* of July 21st, among other things says:

"It has often been asserted that Christianity was derived from the Essenes. This is equally untrue and directly opposed to historic verity. The oldest Christian writings in the world are the genuine epistles of Paul in our Testament. How much Essenism do we find in them? Certainly they cannot be found in any sense Essenian documents. The teachings of Jesus, which ante-dated those of Paul about twenty-five years, undoubtedly contain some Essenian elements. A portion of Jesus's doctrines coincides with those of the Essenes, and it is probable that Jesus derived them from the current teachings of that order; but Jesus was certainly no Essenian. Many of his teachings were in direct contravention of the express provision of that order. Jesus was an eclectic; he derived his teachings from various sources, Essenism being probably one among many. A marked difference exists between the doctrines and practices of Jesus, the twelve apostles, and Paul and those of the Essenes. Early Christianity and Essenism are two widely different things."

This is what Mr. Coleman thinks, no doubt, is to pass as evidence of his vast biblical and theological attainments, but which can serve no other purpose than to show what a charlatan he is. He does not venture to tell us where he finds the excuse for one of those arbitrary and wholly unsupported allegations. Whether he does, or does not, know what the Essenian doctrines or teachings were, he does not deign to point us to any authority that could prove one of his many allegations. To show how entirely reckless are these numerous unsupported allegations of Mr. Coleman, we will quote a Christian writer in McClintock and Strong's *Encyclopedia*, in the article "Essenes."

"As to their" [the Essenian doctrines] "connection with Christianity, there can be no difficulty in admitting that Christ and the apostles recognized those principles and practices of the Essenes which were true and useful. Though our Savior does not mention them by the name of Essenes, which Philo and Josephus coined for the benefit of the Greeks, yet there can be no doubt he refers to them in Matt. xix, 12, when he speaks of those 'who abstain from marriage for the kingdom of heaven's sake,' since they were only one section of the Jews who voluntarily imposed upon themselves a state of celibacy in order that they might devote themselves more closely to the service of God. Also 1 Cor. vii can hardly be understood without bearing in mind the notions about marriage entertained by this God-fearing and self-denying order. As to other coincidences, Matt. v, 34, etc., and James v, 12, urge the abstinence from using oaths which was especially taught by the Essenes. The manner in which Christ commanded his disciples to depart on their journey (Mark vi, 8-10), is the same which these pious men adopted when they started on a mission of mercy. The primitive Christians, like the Essenes, sold their land and houses, and brought the prices of the things to the apostles, and they had all things in common (Acts iv, 32-34). John the Baptist was a parallel to this holy order, as is evident from his ascetic life (Luke xi, 22); and when Christ pronounced him to be Elias (Matt. xi, 14), he may almost be said to have declared that the Baptist had really attained to that spirit and power which the Essenes strove to attain in their highest stage of purity. From the nature of the case, however, Essenism, in its extreme form, could exercise very little direct influence on Christianity."

From these Christian admissions, it cannot be said that the Christians, in many respects did not follow in the direct wake of the Essenes, or rather in the wake of the Nazirites who were the original Essenes. The name of Essenes was not applied to these sectarians until about 60 or 65, of the so-called Christian era. Mr. Coleman says that the Essenes were "of purely Jewish origin, and Non-Buddhistic." It is very certain that every feature of Essenianism adopted, not by Jesus, the Apostles and Paul, but by the priestly Christian plagiarists of Essenianism, was derived from the Gymnosophism of India. Nothing is more certain than that monachism, celibacy, communism, abstinence from oaths, missionary mendicantism, and religious asceticism, were derived by the Essenes of Syria, not of Judea, from the Hindoo Buddhists. It is true they had mixed with monastic asceticism a good many of the religious rites and observances of the Parsee or Magian religion of Zoroaster, and especially the religious veneration and worship of the sun, their ablutions, fastings, and prayers. But Buddhism, or the mediumistic communion of the personified and sanctified with the spirit world, was the great fundamental principle of the faith and practices of the Essenes. It was of the Essenes of Bithynia, that Pliny the Younger wrote to Trajan, and that Christian translators of Pliny's letter have universally translated or converted into Christians. If the Christian religion is not substantially the same as Essenianism, why have Christian writers made them convertible terms in that connection? We cannot do better than to give the letter of Pliny, to show who were called Christians in the time of Trajan and Pliny. Here it is as translated from the Latin by Dr. Nathaniel Lardner;

"Pliny to the Emperor Trajan wishes health and happiness."

"It is my constant custom, Sir, to refer myself to you in all matters concerning which I have any doubt. For who can better direct me where I hesitate, or instruct me where I am ignorant? I have never been present at any trials of Christians; so that I know not well what is the subject matter of punishment, or of inquiry, or what strictness ought to be used in either. Nor have I been a little perplexed to determine whether any difference ought to be made upon account of age, or whether the young and tender, and the full or

grown and robust, ought to be treated all alike; whether repentance should entitle to pardon, or whether all who have once been Christians ought to be punished, though they are no longer so; whether the name itself, although no crimes be detected, or crimes only belonging to the name ought to be punished. Concerning all these things I am in doubt."

"In the mean time I have taken this course with all who have been brought before me and have been accused as Christians. I have put the question to them, whether they were Christians. Upon their confessing to me that they were, I repeated the question a second and a third time, threatening also to punish them with death. Such as still persisted, I ordered away to be punished; for it was no doubt with me, whatever might be the nature of their opinion, that contumacy, and inflexible obstinacy, ought to be punished. There were others of the same infatuation, whom, because they were Roman citizens, I have noted down to be sent to the city."

"In a short time, the crime spreading itself, even whilst under persecution, as is usual in such cases, divers sorts of people came in my way. An information was presented to me without mentioning the author, containing the name of many persons, who upon examination, denied that they were Christians, or had ever been so; who repeated after me an invocation of the gods, and with wine and frankincense made supplication to your image, which for that purpose I have caused to be brought and set before them, together with the statues of the deities. Moreover they reviled the name of Christ. None of which things, as is said, they who are really Christians, can by any means be compelled to do. These therefore I thought proper to discharge."

"Others were named by an informer, who at first confessed themselves Christians, and afterwards denied it. The rest said they had been Christians, but had left them; some three years ago, some longer, and one, or more, above twenty years. They all worshipped your image, and the statues of the gods; these also reviled Christ. They affirmed that the whole of the fault, or error, lay in this, that they were wont to meet together on a stated day before it was light, and sing among themselves alternately a hymn to Christ, as a god, and bind themselves by an oath not to the commission of theft, or robbery, or adultery, never to falsify their word, nor to deny a pledge committed to them, when called upon to return it. When these things were performed, it was their custom to separate, and then to come together again to a meal, which they ate in common, without any disorder; but this they had forborne, since the publication of my edict; by which, according to your commands, I prohibited assemblies."

"After receiving this account, I judged it the more necessary to examine, and that by torture, two maid servants, which were called ministers. But I have discovered nothing, beside a bad and excessive superstition."

"Suspending therefore all judicial proceedings, I have recourse to you for advice; for it has appeared unto me a matter highly deserving consideration, especially on account of the great number of persons who are in danger of suffering. For many of all ages, and every rank, of both sexes likewise, are accused, and will be accused. Nor has the contagion of this superstition seized cities only, but the lesser towns also, and the open country. Nevertheless it seems to me that it may be restrained and corrected. It is certain that the temples, which were almost forsaken, begin to be more frequented. And the sacred solemnities, after a long intermission, are revived. Victims likewise are everywhere bought up, whereas for some time there were few purchasers. Whence it is easy to imagine what numbers of men might be reclaimed, if pardon were granted to those who shall repent."

From this letter we are obliged to come to one of several conclusions, any one of which will show, that the people about whom Pliny wrote to Trajan were in no sense the followers of any man, man-god, or God, such as the later Christians worshipped in the person of Jesus Christ.

It is a well known fact that Krishna, Crishna, or Krishna, of the Hindoos, was worshipped among the Greeks of Western Asia, under the Greek modification of the name, Christos. Of these worshippers of Christos, were certainly the Greek Gymnosophists of the Asiatic Greek provinces, who after the death of Alexander the Great became very numerous, especially in those provinces. As the word *Gymnosoph*, in Greek, meant *naked philosopher*, and was applied to the unclothed worshippers of Crishna in India, from whom the Greeks derived their form of Buddhism, it was not applicable to the clothed Greeks, and names more characteristic of them came into vogue. Some Greek term that would express the idea, a *follower of Christos*, was used to designate them. What that word was we have now no means of determining; but it was no doubt equivalent to the Latin word *Christianus* which Pliny is represented to have used. They were so designated by their Greek and Roman opponents, but among themselves, they were known as Nazarites, Essenes, Therapeutae, &c. It will be seen from Pliny's letter, that the great opposition to the people of Pontus and Bithynia, whom he designates by the term *Christianus*, grew out of the fact that the Roman temples were deserted and the *Christianus* would not purchase and furnish animal victims for sacrifice. This gave offence to two classes of the dominant Romans—first, the Roman or Greek pagan priests, who were thus deprived of one of their most highly prized sources of support, secondly those who had the sacrificial animals for sale. Now it is a well known fact that one of the greatest tenets of the Buddhist religion, and especially of the Gymnosophist Buddhists, was, that animal life should not be taken for any cause whatever; and their Greek followers no doubt adopted and observed that Buddhist tenet to such an extent as to arouse a bitter opposition and even persecution. In abstaining from animal sacrifices, the Christians followed in the wake of the Greek Buddhists; but they tried to outdo the heathen in the

way of heathenism, by sacrificing their God, and feeding upon his body and blood, mystically converted into cake and wine.

It hardly lies in the mouth of any Christian to pretend that the *Christianus* of Pliny were orthodox Christians. If so, orthodox Christianity was something very different from what it has since become under the manipulations of the Christian clergy. Those people were Essenes and other sectarian followers of the Hindoo Christos. That they are claimed to have been Christians, shows that what is now called Christianity has been derived from Buddhism, as it was propagated by the undoubtedly initiated and duly ordained Buddhist missionary to the provinces of the Roman Empire, Apollonius of Tyana. Not only was Apollonius a duly initiated and ordained Buddhist missionary, but more than this, he was a duly ordained and initiated teacher of the Essenianism of Antioch. It was from Antioch, the centre and stronghold of the Nazirites and Essenes, that Apollonius went to India, where he spent five years in thoroughly learning the Buddhist faith and teachings, and it was to Antioch he returned with that learning about A. D. 50. He went as an Essene to India, and he was there received as such, which shows the intimate relation, if not the absolute identity, of Essenism with Buddhism.

Mr. Coleman says "the oldest Christian writings in the world are the genuine epistles of Paul in *Our Testament*." It would therefore seem that Mr. Coleman claims to be a believer in, and follower of the Christian or New Testament. It would also seem, according to the devout Christian, Mr. Coleman, that there are some epistles of Paul in "Our Testament" that are not genuine—in other words, which are spurious. He does not tell us which of them, or how many of them, are not genuine. We have a strong inclination to believe that not one of them is genuine; which we trust Mr. Coleman will pardon. He has set the example of impeaching the credibility of the Christian canonical Scriptures, and we are disposed to follow it to its natural result, that of impeaching that whole jumble of inconsistency and nonsense.

Mr. Coleman will hardly blame us, if we question whether the Paul of "Our Testament" was a Christian at all. It is not pretended that he ever met with Jesus, or Jesus Christ, or Jesus of Nazareth, or that he spent any time with any one, anywhere in mastering any teachings of any Jesus, before he went to preaching and writing those "genuine epistles of Paul." If he wrote a parcel of spurious or ungentle "epistles of Paul," it is no wonder, and is just what might be expected of such a charlatanic pretender to learning. It is unfortunate for Mr. Coleman that he should have such a weakness for emulating his bad example.

What Mr. Coleman calls "Jesus's doctrines" he has not told us. As they are set forth no doubt in "Our Testament," with those spurious or not genuine "Epistles of Paul" we strongly suspect there are some spurious "teachings of Jesus" there, as well as spurious teachings of Paul. Mr. Coleman tells us that "Jesus certainly was no Essenian." We are glad to admit that Mr. C. was right that time; and had he added, "or anything else," we would have agreed with him. But he tells us, "Jesus was an Eclectic; he derived his teachings from various sources." This is a new Christian idea truly, and "settles the hash" for "Our Testament," as far as Mr. Coleman can do it. It has always been supposed that "Jesus" got his teachings solely from his father, the Jewish Jehovah, who afterwards offered him up a bloody sacrifice to save the souls of such worthless Bible expounders as Mr. Coleman has shown himself to be. Christians and Christian Spiritualists are ever harping upon two strings, the first on Jesus the crucified Son-Lamb of God, and the latter on Jesus our Elder Brother who spake as never man spake. And now after all this harping, we have the Christian What-is-it, Mr. Coleman, telling us that this wonderful Jesus borrowed all his teachings from various sources. In the name of Jesus we protest against this abuse of his much abused name.

We presume the editor and the readers of the *Bandyte* organ, the *R. P. Journal* of Chicago, know what it is Mr. Coleman is driving at, or they would now and then call upon Mr. C. for an explanation. If some of them would only tell us we would sincerely thank them. We strongly suspect it is another Bandyte scheme to oppose truth. That it will amount to anything serious, except to those who are engaged in it, we can hardly believe. We would suggest that Spiritualism needs a little attention from these Bandyte inklingers if they have not concluded to drop the mask they have been wearing. That kind of Christianity will never pass for Spiritualism.

A Liberal and Important Offer.

Dr. J. W. Walker, of Franklinton, N. C., the able and well known physician, who has attained such notoriety within the last few years on account of his marvelous cures of consumption and rheumatism, in fact he has never failed to cure a case of either, will send MIND AND MATTER, one year, to any one sending him \$3.25 for a package of his consumptive specific. The package is worth \$5.00. Will do likewise to any one sending \$3.25 for a \$5.00 bottle of his Rheumatic Remedy. One bottle cures rheumatism in any of its forms.

Address, J. W. WALKER, Franklinton, N. C.

Letter From Yonkers, N. Y.

111 OLIVER AVENUE, Yonkers, N. Y.,
July 22d, M. S. 36.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

Thanks for extra copies of MIND AND MATTER—will see they are distributed. Increasing interest in the truths of Spiritualism is being awakened in Yonkers through the surprising success of Mr. and Mrs. Gale in healing. A remarkable feature of the case is that physicians are urging their patients they have failed to benefit, to try these healers whose success they candidly acknowledge. A young lady well known here, and who is organist in one of the churches, is now being treated by Mrs. Gale, and is astonished and delighted with the rapidity of her improvement. She frankly confesses that her physician (a young and successful homeopathist, and withal superintendent of one of the largest Sabbath schools here,) urged her persistently for six months to try Mrs. Gale's magnetic treatment before she consented to it, so nearly unconquerable was her prejudice against Spiritualism.

It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful than the quiet undemonstrative manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Gale go about their labor of love, for such it is to them. All the sick whose sufferings her guides say they can ameliorate or cure, are treated with equal conscientiousness and care, in whatever condition of life they find them.

Mrs. Gale says what I am sure she feels, "I should feel very sorry to think there was any suffering on earth, I could relieve, which I failed to do, because the patient had not money." I know she does a great deal gratuitously, but nothing is said about it, unless the patients speak of it themselves.

Mrs. Stoddard-Grey and husband and DeWitt C. Hough, have recently given a materializing seance in this city, with great satisfaction to those attending, many of whom had not witnessed materialization before this opportunity.

DeWitt Hough also gave private sittings for written answers to written questions with great success, as I believe he always does. Plans are being discussed for bringing these mediums here again. A skeptic who fails to find something convincing in one or all of their three phases of mediumship, must be "hard shelled indeed."

OLIVIA F. SHEPARD.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

HON. WARREN CHASE, the veteran lecturer, will speak at the Etna Camp Meeting in Maine, for the first five days commencing August 24.

We invite the special attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Alfred James, in another column, and recommend them to try these spirit prescribed remedies.

We will continue our offer to send the paper to clubs of ten for one month for one dollar, and we hope all those who are interested in promulgating the truth will avail themselves of this offer and send in their clubs.

FRANK T. RIPLEY, informs us that he is now in Boston, Mass., and is ready for engagements in Maine, Massachusetts and Vermont, and will attend the Etna Camp-meeting in Maine.

THE Sixth Annual Meeting of the First Maine State Spiritualist Association, will convene at Buswell's Grove, Etna, commencing August 24th, and closing September 2d. A cordial invitation is extended to all, regardless of sect or creed, and especially to the mediums both in the State and from abroad. For full particulars address Chas. M. Brown, Secretary, Glenburn, Maine.

A RARE PLEASURE.—It was our pleasure since our last week's number to attend one of Mr. Jesse Shepherd's wonderful musical seances, and such a Spiritual treat we have never enjoyed. We had heard and published much concerning these marvellous spirit performances, and we thought we could imagine their perfection and grandeur; but we are forced to confess we had no conception of them whatever.

Mr. Shepherd will give a seance to a select and limited circle on Sunday evening next. It will afford us pleasure to furnish all information concerning it to those who may desire to attend. Such an opportunity to witness the most convincing spirit phenomena is very rare indeed.

"Pa, I wish you would buy me a little pony," said Johnny. "I haven't any money to buy a pony, my son. You should go to school regularly, my son, study hard, and become a smart man, and some of these days, when you grow up, you will have money of your own to buy ponies with." "Then, I suppose, pa, you didn't study much when you were a little boy like me, or else you would have money now to buy ponies with, wouldn't you, pa?"

A bachelor and a spinster, who had been schoolmates in youth and were about the same age, met in after years, and the lady chancing to remark that "men live a great deal faster than women," the bachelor replied: "Yes, Maria, the last time we met we were each twenty-four years old; now I'm over forty, and I hear you haven't reached thirty yet." They never met again.

The other day one of Atlanta's chronic rag-pickers went into Swartz's junk-shop with a bag full of miscellaneous rags to sell. Swartz looked dubiously at the sack and then at the rag-picker, and then exclaimed, "Py chimney gricky, vich shell I veigh—vat you got on, or vat you got off?" Then the picker got insulted and went off to another shop.

A Brooklyn lady who met Mrs. Langtry in Chicago, expressed herself as greatly charmed by her vivacity and refinement. "Did she seem to you perfectly happy?" asked her friend. "Perfectly." "And what impression did her happiness leave upon your mind?" "The impression that she was a widow."

A MIDSUMMER AND WINTER WALK.

BY JAY CHAAPEL.

True, many a prophet teaches in the roads;
True, many a seer pulls down the flaming heavens
Upon his own head in strong martyrdom,
In order to light men a moment's space.

—Mrs. Browning.

Amid the beauty and bloom of midsummer in Western New York, where the cool breezes from Lake Ontario and Irondequoit Bay daily fan my wrinkled brow, I sit down in this quiet retreat to write you after some months of silence, but not of thoughtlessness of your fearless and noble work. The cuckoo, whip-poor-will and wood-robin sing me to sweet and refreshing sleep before the last glimmering light of day has departed, and so I arise with the beauties of the morning, vigorous and as ready to battle with the legions of wrong and oppression as in former years when my blood flowed more freely, and I thought, in my blind enthusiasm, that the wheels of progress and justice would, in a few years, pulverize to nothingness the army of despotic bigots who are breaking the hearts and making the lives of noble men and women wretched by the cruel mental thumb-screws and straight-jackets of Christianity. The grist of intolerance and religion is larger than I once thought, but they will surely be ground fine, at last, in the mills of education and science, and vanish from off the earth.

I walked to the city (Rochester) five miles, yesterday and back at sun-down, and noted the grand transformation in the fields from a walk over the same ground last winter. At an early hour yesterday, while a brisk breeze swayed the ripening grain and the numerous nurseries for which this region is famous, I passed leisurely through the pleasant and thriving village of Brighton. The walk was a delightful one, in a well trodden path alongside the highway, under magnificent maple and cherry trees, until we reach the city limits, and the artistic East Avenue with its palatial residences. This highway was an original Indian trail of the Senecas, through beautiful forests, and was a favorite route of the remarkable and noble statesman Red Jacket, who with the eye of a philosopher and scientist, refused to the last hour of his life on this earth, the intrusive and impudent importunities of pious Christians, to give his consent for them to repeat at his funeral their senseless jargon. He had a deep-seated antipathy to Christianity, which neither time nor the artful persuasions of the whites could change; and always opposed with great strength and eloquence the intrusion of missionaries among his people, who have ever cursed his race with whiskey, tobacco, and long prayers. He is now one of the most industrious and intelligent workers in the cause of human progress, as his numerous messages from spirit life fully prove.

I was cheered in my walk by the song of the thrushes and robins, and as we moved along we inhaled the fragrance from the fields, while the constant hum of the moving machines sent us back thirty years, when we used to mow with a rude scythe and snath. Every farm house, every sound, from the buzz of insects to the laughter of beautiful children, told of peace, and the delights of country life, to all who will not try to distort nature.

"O Earth, thou hast not any wind that blows
Which is not music; every weed of thine,
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine;
And every humble hedgerow flower that grows,
And every little brown bird that doth sing,
Each something greater than itself, and bears
A living word to every living thing.
Albeit it holds the message unawares.
All shapes and sounds have something which is not
Of them; a spirit walks amid the grass,
Vague outlines of the everlasting thought
Melt in the mellow shadows as they pass.
The touch of an eternal presence thrills
The tranquil sunsets and the brooding hills."

So sang a charming poet and a great soul—Richard Realf.

As I move along East Avenue, the signs of city life and manners grow rapidly at every step. There art is often cultivated at the expense of nature, and nature is cramped and crushed by the caprice of art. When we get rid of Christianity and all other religions, we shall soon find art and nature in better balance, and working together in supreme harmony for universal good. All religions have ever ignored the teachings of nature, and cultivated a false and pitiful idea of art. I am now away from the country; another world is before me, and other forms of beauty attract my attention. I reach "Vick's," the great floral depot of New York, I might say of America. The grounds are fragrant with many tinted flowers. Here art, with a true blending with nature, has transformed the simple wild flower of the mountain or road-side into gems of rare beauty and grace. The sight is an inspiring one, and we are sure that one cannot help being bettered by association with such scenes. We feel a warm and deep sympathy with the master minds who plan all that beauty, as well as with the sturdy men and boys, busy with hoes, trowels, spades and hand cultivators, in the warm fertile soil.

We pass on with busy thoughts at the many trials the late James Vick had to pass through before reaching anything like the zenith of his hopes. Just as he had finished his great "seed-house" in the centre of his grounds, and began to realize his ideals, he passed from earth, leaving it for his wife and children. Thus it ever is. It takes a lifetime of toil and struggle, of hope and fear, of joy and sorrow, to realize partial glimpses of the children of our brain. I say this with no regret, no sorrow; but if this is the end of our work, what an almighty failure it is! We do not simply believe better, we know better, in the same way that we know we spent an evening with you, Mr. Editor, last February.

Here is the "Warner Observatory," with the great telescope sweeping the sky, with the gentlemanly and scholarly Lewis Swift in charge. A few squares to the north is Rochester University, with one of the finest geological cabinets in the United States; where you can see the red sandstone from the Connecticut valley with the tracks of birds, three times as large as the ostrich, imbedded thereon when the rocks were in a plastic state—a tangible refutation of the Genesis account of creation. From this instructive place we pass on and reach the Rochester Theological Seminary, a Baptist institution, with ample funds, and attractive outside surroundings; but I never pass it without thinking of Victor Hugo's Jean Valjean, who, when passing a church, shook his fist at it. I confess a lasting regard for this man, which civilization had done so much to crush, and I do not wonder at his feelings, for in these sectarian seminaries the minds of all those who

go there for instruction, are mentally enslaved and precluded from free investigation. Of all the slaveries, the slavery of the mind is the worst.

I spent the day in the city among friends, coming back at sunset, as I said above. I often met the sun-browned and hardy toiler coming to his home from these fair fields, and his little children running to meet him with beaming smiles and fond caresses. Sometimes the kindly father would have a pipe of tobacco in his mouth, and when the children happened to catch the fumes, they would turn their heads away for a breath of pure air. If these men could only be taught the deleterious effects of this poisonous weed, and that it uses up quite as much of their vitality as their daily toil, besides doing a great wrong to their offspring, I am sure they would leave it off. All my sympathies are with the laboring classes, and when freed from these disgusting habits, I often find them attractive company; but two or three times last evening I was tempted to climb the fence and wander off in secluded and familiar paths to avoid those tobacco-scented men. Besides, a grove of trees in a quiet place is very tempting, where I can sit and read and think undisturbed, away from the haunts of men, who can only talk of money making and neighborhood gossip.

Pleasant faces and warm hearts were waiting my return, so I hurried home, as a heavy rain came down, and the artillery of the skies reverberated in the regions of space.

My walk, last winter, was as full of interest as this one, but very unlike it. It was on a Sunday morning, and from Rochester here and back. The first bells were just ringing for church as I walked through the main thoroughfare of the city over the Genesee river, which is entirely covered with massive business blocks, so that a stranger in passing along the street, is unconscious of the rapid flow of the water beneath his feet, which a few rods below, falls perpendicularly ninety feet over jagged rocks. The sky looked gloomy and threatening, and soon the feathery flakes of snow began to fill the air and fall on the well-dressed throng, answering the dismal call of the bells. I turn into East Avenue, and the crowd increases in size, worldly wealth, and so-called respectability. How firmly and soberly they clasp their gilt and embossed prayer books, as if they contained the keys to fields Elysian! What a sanctimonious look many of them have! The snow falls more rapidly while the occupants of the fine carriages look through the glass doors, as much as to say, "I am glad I am not obliged to walk," as they tuck the rich furs more closely about them. How little they know of nature and her manifold beauties, and especially of the delights of a country walk in a snow storm. The wonderful purity of nature in winter is a pleasing thought. How invigorating to breathe, even in these northern latitudes, the cleansed air! If our bodies were fed with plainer and simpler food and with less stimulants, they would be much less susceptible to the cold; and they would thrive like the forests, which find the terrible blasts of winter productive of their growth. What various and strange eyes peer into mine as our umbrellas touch the sidewalk! I have the advantage of them for the wind is blowing the fast falling snow square in their faces while I have it at my back. I meet a passing acquaintance, and to change his Sunday countenance, say in a cheering tone, "What a magnificent snow storm!" He touches his hat, as gracefully as the wind and snow will allow, smiles through his gloomy thoughts of an imaginary God, as though he only half believed his own words, and answers, "Yes," and hurries on to his cushioned pew, where the preacher from his "cowards castle" is drawing out a mournful prayer. I feel leisurely and joyfully on, and am soon in the country, away from the magnetism of the city, with her sixty-two churches—51 Protestant and 11 Catholic—costing say, at a very low estimate, \$1,000,000. What a vast sum of money for a city with only a hundred thousand population to spend for buildings shut up six days in the week, and only used on Sunday to cramp the minds of old and young into sectarian grooves. My thoughts have now freer scope, and I come more easily in rapport with the natural. My lungs expand, and I drink in deep draughts of pure air sweeping across the whitening fields. The storm still rages fiercely, but instead of being a thing to dread, it is one of beauty, of magnificence, and I slack my pace that I may take in more of its delights. Across a strip of pasture lies a piece of woods. How beautiful the bare limbs of the trees look, bending under the silvery dust which clings to them in various forms. Down in the glen, near the Bay, the squirrels and rabbits are playing hide and seek, and looking for shelter in the hollow trees.

"When winter fringes every bough
With a faint-faint wreath,
And puts the seal of silence now
Upon the leaves beneath."

I see in the distance a brick farm house partially hid in the trees.

"Behind the elms,
And through their tops, you saw the folded hills
Striped up and down with hedges."

I am a little weary and the snow is six inches deep. I ring the bell. A dark-eyed maiden of seventeen answers my summons, as I shake the icicles from my beard and the snow from my umbrella. I was seated in a cozy, pleasant room, where quiet, neatness, and domestic happiness seemed to reign supreme. I noticed the eyes of the young lady expressing unwonted joy and an inquiring look. I soon learned the cause; her older sister, a young married woman, two days before, had given birth to a little pink piece of humanity, a sweet, tender and beautiful baby. No more fitting place could have been found than on this great thoroughfare, in this shady retreat, for her to first open her eyes to the light of this beautiful world. Yes, beautiful! Sometimes, I know, that much of the beauty is shut out from our vision, because in the long ages of false customs founded on religious ceremonies, we fail to understand, or even to study the causes which lie back of all the gloom and sorrow that threaten, at times, to swallow us up in a maelstrom of unutterable misery. All evil is only undeveloped good, and when we learn more of the law of cause and effect, we will not complain or mourn over the past, but smile through our tears.

What a pleasing sight to see those two young ladies (she had a sister still younger) bring that helpless infant, so unconscious of all the love bestowed upon it, for me to look upon. No mother was ever more joyous or more tender of a child than those two young aunts. How their lustrous eyes beamed at a touch of the tiny little hands! The solicitous mother, with dark joyous eyes

upon the pictures on the walls, lay in an adjoining room, with all a mother's fondness and hope for the future usefulness of the little stranger so marvelously cast among us in the midst of chilling winds. The lines of George Macdonald came to mind as I held the wonderful piece of mechanism in my arms:

"Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out from the everywhere into here."

Pleasant Vale Farm, Brighton, N.Y., July 14, '83.

An Ominous Sign.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 24, 1883.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

One of the most potent signs of the times is to see the editors of the *Banner of Light* and the *R. P. Journal* begging their subscribers to send them copy. It was predicted years ago, by leading mediums and Spiritualists, that the time would come when the editors of the above named papers would be compelled to solicit news, as a large number of good writers had become disgusted with the way in which those alleged Spiritual papers are managed.

Luther Colby says, in an editorial: "Parties who feel that they have points of interest which they would like to put in possession of, need not be deterred in the least, however inexperienced they may be. We are willing to revise, punctuate, and put in shape for publication, any of those favors which such friends may send us." So indeed! It has come to a point when the editor of the *Banner of Light* must write an editorial calling upon people everywhere for news!

The plain truth is, that very few persons will now give themselves the trouble to sit down and write an article for papers like the *Banner of Light*. They have long ago found, to their sorrow, that the *Banner of Light*, like the *R. P. Journal*, is run in the interests of a clique composed of persons wholly devoid of self-abnegation, or spiritual faith in real mediumship. Nonsense is printed instead of news. Such peculiar individuals as John Wetherbee, Wm. Emmette Coleman, Allen Putnam, Maria King, and a few others, are permitted to pour out their *soi-disant* criticisms upon worn out themes, until a long suffering public cries halt, and refuse to read more of the same kind of meaningless literature. When the editors of the *Banner of Light* and the *R. P. Journal* will put a quietus on all such nonsense, then, and not till then will entertaining and clearer writers begin to contribute for their papers.

A SPIRITUALIST.

KIND WORDS.

S. E. Kendall, York, Maine, says: "Enclosed find \$1.00 for the continuation of MIND AND MATTER. It is the one only paper for me to-day."

E. Richardson, Providence, R. I., in renewing subscription, says: "I cannot get along without MIND AND MATTER; so send it for another year—find funds enclosed."

M. P. Caldwell, Hastings, Nebraska, in renewing subscription, says: "I like MIND AND MATTER. I consider it the best Spiritual paper printed. I took the *R. P. Journal*, commencing with the first number, until I saw it was a wolf in sheep's clothing, and then I stopped it."

E. J. Stout, Memphis, Mo., in renewing yearly subscription, says: "I look upon MIND AND MATTER as the only purely spiritual publication in America, and cannot do without it at any price. The communications are worth ten times the price asked for the yearly subscription. Go on, for hosts of angels are at your side."

Carrie L. Eggleton, Aurora, Illinois, writes: "I received your card this morning, reminding me that the next number was the last. I send you \$2.00 this time. I cannot do without MIND AND MATTER. My heart is in sympathy with the mediums. May the truth prevail and persecution cease, and may good spirits guide you in the blessed work."

Mrs. A. A. Pierce, Riverside, California, writes: "Enclosed please find two dollars for MIND AND MATTER another year. May God and all good spirits stand by and protect you, give you strength to successfully fight the battles and win the victory in the great work you are engaged in, is the prayer of one who truly sympathizes with you in all your trials and persecutions."

Eason Johnson, Clinton, DeWitt Co., Illinois, writes: "As my time is nearly out, I enclose you \$2.00 for another year's subscription to MIND AND MATTER, which according to my opinion is the best spiritual paper now published in the world. I have been a Spiritualist for eighteen years, so I think I am qualified to form an opinion in regard to the paper that does the most good, and is most necessary at the present time. Hoping that your grit and health will last till your earth work is accomplished, I remain yours etc."

Mrs. V. Goodwin, Barton Landing, Vt., writes: "Enclosed you will find \$2 for another year's subscription to MIND AND MATTER. I wish I was able to do more to keep the battle axe swinging until every fraud hunter was hewn into common sense people. How the whole tribe do abuse you; but you will come off conqueror, for you are in the right, and your scars (if you get any, for it seems they are bound you shall,) will show you have conquered, for truth and justice will be written upon them."

A. Graves, Nelson, N. Y., writes: "Ever since I read the story of the treatment you received at the Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting last fall, I have been anxious to subscribe for MIND AND MATTER. If your account of the treatment you received at that meeting is true, (and I do not doubt it,) it was a base outrage, not only upon you, but upon all decency, and the cause of Spiritualism, and when I read in the *Olive Branch* that 'certificate of character,' given you on that occasion, I thought you must be insane, for I supposed it to be true. I did not suppose the editor of the *Olive Branch* would lend himself or his influence to such nefarious business. I was in hopes you would be vindicated, but the *Olive Branch* says the jury brought in not guilty. I always like to see justice and right prevail; but such is not always the case. People sometimes get badly treated by being caught in bad company. I want to help you what I can and enclose subscription, and hope to do more some time."

We would say to friend Graves, that at the trial of the indictment against Jos. Beals et al., John

C. Bundy was compelled to testify that he wrote the slanderous resolutions, assisted and encouraged by Wm. R. Tice of Brooklyn, and that they got the directors to father them, to give them the appearance of an honest official transaction on their part. Besides, the directors indicted each swore that they had no intention to injure us. The jury it seems erred on the side of charity, and concluded that people who were such confessed ninnies as not to know that such conduct was malicious, were too great fools to be knaves, and so acquitted them. The harm thus far done was to themselves not to us. They put the State of Massachusetts to a large expense, in order that they might pander to the malice of their Bundy-ite master.

Obituary.

Passed on to the higher life, June 28th, William M. Farnsworth, from his late residence in Springfield, Illinois, aged 80 years.

He was a native of Newport, R. I., and came to Springfield some forty years ago, and has long been identified with its interests, and has at various times held offices of trust, and at one time was employed as proof reader on the States printing work.

Mr. Farnsworth was a convert from infidelity to Spiritualism, and for the last thirteen years, has been a staunch advocate of its doctrines and different phenomena. Some years ago, he spent several weeks with the Eddy mediums in Vermont, and was a firm believer in materializations, as they occurred through the mediumship of the Eddy's, and was one of their warmest and staunchest friends in the belief of their honesty and genuine mediumship.

Mr. Farnsworth possessed a strong and vigorous mind, and was ever ready to battle for the truth whenever an opportunity offered to argue the points with his orthodox friends.

He had been an invalid for several years, and for the last three or four years, was confined mostly to his room, and a great part of the time to his bed. He was a great sufferer and had long looked for and waited for the summons to come up higher. He dropped to sleep as calmly as an infant on its mother's breast, and with a smile on the features of the worn out casket, he left it to join his immortal kindred in the other life. He gave full directions for his funeral, and did not want any prayers said over his body, but to be quietly laid away. Mr. Farnsworth possessed some means, and leaves a most estimable daughter and three grand children well provided for, and to mourn the loss of a kind and indulgent father.

Spiritual papers please copy.

L. P. BRITT.

Ancient History Modernized.

"Pa," asked Willie Jones, as he was studying his history lesson, "who was Helen of Troy?"

"Ask your ma," said Mr. Jones, who was not up in classic lore.

"Helen of Troy," said Mrs. Jones, who was sewing a new heel on the baby's shoe, "was a girl who used to live with us; she came from Troy, N. Y., and we found her in an intelligence office."

She was the best girl I ever had before your father struck Bridget."

"Did pa ever strike Bridget?" asked Willie, pricking up his ears.

"I was speaking paregorically," said Mrs. Jones.

There was a silence for a few minutes, then Willie came to another epoch in history.

"Ma, who was Marc Anthony?"

"An old colored man who lived with my pa. What does it say about him there?"

"It says his wife's name was Cleopatra."

"The very same! Old Cleo used to wash for us. It's strange how they come to be in that book."

"History repeats itself," murmured Jones vaguely, while Willie looked at his ma with wonder and admiration that one small head could carry all she knew. Presently he found another question to ask.

"Say, ma, who was Julius Caesar?"

"Oh, he was one of the pagans of history," said Mrs. Jones, trying to thread the point of her needle.

"But what made him famous?" persisted Willie.

"Everything," answered Mrs. Jones, complacently; "he was the one who said, 'Eat thou brute,' when his horse wouldn't take its oats. He dressed in a sheet and pillow-case uniform, and when his enemies surrounded him, he shouted, 'Gimme liberty or gimme death,' and ran away."

"Bully for him!" remarked Willie, shutting up the book of history. "But say, ma, how came you to know so much? Won't I lay over the other fellows to-morrow, though?"

"I learned it at school," said Mrs. Jones, with an oblique glance at Mr. Jones, who was listening as brave as a statue. "I had superior advantages and I paid attention and remembered what I heard."

"Well, I say, ma, who was Horace?"

"Your pa will tell you about him, I am tired," said Mrs. Jones.

Then she listened with pride and approval while Mr. Jones informed his son that Horace was the author of the Tin Trumpet and a rare work on farming and the people's choice for President, and only composed Latin verses to pass away the time and amuse himself.—*Detroit Post and Tribune*.

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SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

ALFRED JAMES, MEDIUM.

June 7th, M. S. 36.

JOHN FREDERICK GRONOVIVS.
(Critic of the 17th century.)

I am very happy to have the chance of giving testimony. My name was John Frederick Gronovius. I occupied the chair of belle-letters in the University of Leyden. I was the translator of Sallust, Livy, Pliny, Seneca &c., and I must say, in all truth, that the translations of these works are not very correct. I must also say that the manuscripts from which those translations were made, were very much changed from the originals by Christian priests and professors, in order to conceal the real origin of Christianity. It was worth as much as your place would bring you pecuniarily, in my day, to show up the truth. But I here declare that the real text of the letter of Pliny to Trajan, proves that he was not speaking of the Christians, but of the Essenes of that time. And a great many other passages have been interpolated or suppressed. You will never get the truth as long as Christians fill the professorships in your colleges and control your libraries. But the spirit of free inquiry which is being aroused by writers of your time, in relation to ancient literature, will soon obtain the proof that what these spirits have stated through this medium is true. It is astonishing to me that any Spiritualist writer, or one who claims to be such, would try to show that the Christos of India, on the authority of Bentley, a Christian bigot, was born about A. D. 600, in Arjoun, when the real facts of the case, on an ancient authority I have seen, are, that he was worshipped by the soldiers of Alexander the Great, and that at that time that worship was nine hundred years old. I read in that ancient authority that the soldiers of Alexander the Great, when they arrived at Thebes, in Upper Egypt, there found their god Christna, and fell to worshipping him. It is therefore preposterous to pretend that Christna was born 600 years after Jesus of Nazareth. The great trouble has been, and ever will be, with Christian writers, that they cannot get over the identity of the name Christ with Christos; and it will always be a cause of grief to them, because they cannot escape from the truth of what I here state.

[We translate the following account of Gronovius from the Biographie Universelle.—Ed.]

"John Frederick Gronovius, one of the most skillful critics of the 17th century, and the greatest Latin scholar, perhaps, that had appeared since the revival of literature, was born at Hamburg, not in 1613, as Chauffepie states, but on the 10th of September, 1611. His father, counsellor of the Duke of Holstein, having been named syndic of Bremen, took him to that city, where he pursued his early studies with rare distinction. He afterwards attended the Universities of Leipsic and Jena, and resided at Altdorf, there to study law under the learned professors who then constituted the ornament of that school. He returned to Bremen, after the death of his father, and having settled his estate, he went to Groningen in 1634, where he placed himself under Ant. Mathieu, a great jurisconsult, and friend of the family. He remained there a short time. He visited the principal cities of Holland, to visit the learned and the libraries; passed to England with the same object, in 1639, and went the following year to France. He stayed some months in Paris; received the degree of Doctor of Laws at Angers, and afterwards went to Italy; whence he returned through Switzerland and Germany, to Deventer, where he was offered the chair of literature and history. In 1658, he succeeded Daniel Heinsius, the celebrated professor of belle-letters of the University of Leyden, and died in that city on the 28th of December, 1671. J. Coccius pronounced his funeral oration. Gronovius left two sons James and Laurentius-Theodore. The modesty of the gentle Gronovius equalled his knowledge. He so much feared the prominence of literary controversy, that he never engaged in it but once, and that with Emeric Cruceius, or La Croix, on the subject of Statius, and he regretted having replied to him with a certain pungency, so that he himself withdrew samples of his work to burn them. The list of the numerous productions of Gronovius is found in the *Bibl. erudit. precoc.* of Klefeker and in the dictionary of Chauffepie. * * Gronovius reviewed the text and published with notes, Titus-Livius, Statius, Pliny the Elder, Justin, Tacitus, Plautus, Seneca, Aulus-Gellius, Phedra, and St. Paulinus. The editions that he has given of those different authors, form almost the whole of the collection Variorum.

Such was the deeply learned man whose spirit gave that important testimony to the fact that the letter of Pliny to Trajan did not relate to the followers of Jesus of Nazareth, but to the Essenes followers of the Hindoo Christos. In the light of these spirit communications, Christian writers could have made no greater blunder than to claim their identity with the Essenes of the Asiatic provinces of the Roman Empire; and especially, that Ignatius of Antioch, the very originator of the Essenes name was a Christian bishop. By taking this insensate course, they have forever made an end of their theological and ecclesiastical fraud. The Essenes were beyond all question, the followers of a blended Hindoo and Magian philosophy or religion, the great central object of their worship being the most pure, and mediumistic member of their sect, who, (as the Grand Lama of Thibet, was supposed to be animated by the spirit of Gautama Buddha), was supposed to be animated by the spirit of Christos, the Hindoo Saviour. They were in no sense followers of Jesus, and had been swallowed up in the Paulite sect founded by Apollonius, and the subsequent Gnostic and Neo Platonic sects of philosophy, at least two hundred years before the name of Jesus of Nazareth was ever heard of.

Gronovius especially testifies to Christian tampering with, and corrupting of the text of the various ancient authors who were criticised or translated by him. He admits that pecuniary considerations prevented him from disclosing

what he knew to be the truth upon that point. He well says: "You will never get the truth as long as Christians fill the professorships in your colleges, and control your libraries." Men who have been so long trained to cover up and conceal truth, will never scruple at any measure that is necessary to that end. It is now, as it was in the time of Gronovius, pecuniary considerations that control them.

The rebuke of the stupid attempt of Wm. Emmette Coleman, to drag down the Hindoo Christna in order to exalt the Christian Jesus, shows that spirits are taking cognizance of what is going on, in that department of literature, at least. As the spirit says, the worship of Christna was an old religion when Alexander the Great invaded India three hundred and twenty-seven years before the Christian era. Gronovius rightly says that the great cause of Christian grief has been, and ever will be, that they cannot get over the identity of the name Christ with Christos who was the object of divine worship by the soldiers of Alexander, more than three centuries before it is pretended Jesus Christ was born. How much longer will their theological humbugging be successfully carried on. Not long we opine, unless the divine trinity of Reason, Truth, and Justice, are to be bowed in the dust before Ignorance, Falsehood and Tyranny.

PHILOSTORGIVS.
(An Ecclesiastical Historian.)

I GREET YOU, SIR.—As my name is a difficult one for me to pronounce through this medium, I will give it to you while my control is the strongest—Philostorgius. I was a historian and wrote an ecclesiastical history, principally concerning the Gothic Church. In the early part of my life I was well acquainted with Ulphilas. The Gothic version of Ulphilas extended far back among the earlier versions, and was derived mainly from the Coptic version of Lower Egypt, and was called in my time the Geez, or Ethiopic Version. It was chiefly made up of the life, adventures and sayings attributed to Christos of India. A version of it was brought into my country and into the country of Ulphilas, by Apollonius our countryman, we being all Cappadocians. You must understand that Apollonius, while travelling through different countries, left different translations of his writings behind him; and these various versions were used by Christians, in my time, to support their myth or man-god Jesus. Ulphilas and myself both understood what I have herein set forth; but having been offered a rich bishopric among the Goths, Ulphilas agreed to propagate the Christian religion among them. He made the Gothic version in the pursuit of that purpose, from a very ancient Geez or Coptic copy, which has, in part at least, come down to your time, and which was made, I infer, in Egypt by Apollonius while in that country. Ulphilas was unwilling to use the Cappadocian Version, because it had already been used by a priest named Damases, and that was the version that was used by Eusebius. Ulphilas died about A. D. 381. I survived him about twenty years. I knew, and Ulphilas knew, that the whole story of Jesus was but an alteration of the story of the Christos of India as the God, and incarnated in Apollonius of Tyana as the God-man. In the versions of the Scriptures that I read, Christos was the Deity and Apollonius the Saviour of Men. From what I have learned as a spirit, I think the doctrine of Jesus Christ being the Saviour, did not obtain a very firm foothold until about A. D. 500. Before that time everything remained very confused. I am requested by Apollonius to say that he will try, as soon as it is possible, to bring to you the great Buddhist reformer, known to you as King Asoka, who will make some things clear, which I am unable to do at this time. I thank you for this hearing.

[We take the following account of Philostorgius from Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography.—Ed.]

"Philostorgius, an ecclesiastical historian. He was a native of Borissus in Cappadocia, the son of Carterius and Eulampia. He was born in the reign of Valentinian and Valens, in A. D. 358, according to Gothofredus, about A. D. 357, according to Vossius. He was twenty years old when Eunomius was expelled from Caesarea. Like his father Carterius, he warmly embraced the doctrines of Eunomius. He wrote an ecclesiastical history, from the heresy of Arius in A. D. 300, down to the period when Theodosius the Younger conferred the empire of the West on Valentinian the Younger (A. D. 425). The work was composed in twelve books, which began respectively with the twelve letters of his name, so as to form a sort of acrostic. In this history he lost no opportunity of extolling the Arians and Eunomians, while he overwhelmed the orthodox party with abuse, with the single exception of Gregorius of Nazianzus. Photius charges him with introducing gross misrepresentations and unfounded statements, and says his work is not a history, but a panegyric upon the heretics. Philostorgius nevertheless was a man of learning, and was possessed of considerable geographical and historical knowledge. Being a heretic, it is not to be wondered at that his work has not come down to us. An abstract of it, however, was made by Photius in a separate work, which has been preserved. Photius characterizes him as being elegant in his style, making use of figurative expressions, though not in excess. His figures were, however, sometimes harsh and far-fetched, and his narrative involved and indistinct. The abstract of Photius was published at Geneva in 1643, by Jac. Godefroi, or Gothofredus, and in a somewhat corrected form, with a new Latin translation by Valesius (Paris 1673), together with the ecclesiastical history of Theodoretus, Evagrius and Theodorus."

[As we regard this communication of Philostorgius of the very first importance, in our search for the truth, and as he was a defender, if not a follower of Eunomius, we feel that we cannot do less than tell the reader who Eunomius was. We take the following account of him from the same work.—Ed.]

"Eunomius was a native of Dacora, a village in Cappadocia, and a disciple of the Arian Actius, whose heretical opinions he adopted. He was, however, a man of far greater talent and acquire-

ments than Actius, and extended his views so far that he became himself the founder of a sect called the Eunomians or Anomoei, because they not only denied the equality between the Father and the Son, but even the similarity. Eunomius was at first a deacon at Antioch, and in A. D. 300 he succeeded Eleusius as bishop of Cyzicus. But he did not remain long in the enjoyment of that post, for he was deposed in the same year by the command of the emperor Constantius, and expelled by the inhabitants of Cyzicus. In the reign of Julian and Jovian, Eunomius lived at Constantinople, and in the reign of Valeins, he resided in the neighborhood of Chalcedon, until he was denounced to the emperor for harboring in his house the tyrant Procopius, in consequence of which he was sent to Mauritania into exile. When on his way thither, he had reached Mursa in Illyricum, the emperor called him back. Theodosius the Great afterwards exiled him to a place called Halmynis, in Mœsia on the Danube. But being driven away from that place by the barbarians, he was sent to Caesarea. Here, too, he met with no better reception; for, having written against their bishop, Basilus, he was hated by the citizens of Caesarea. At length he was permitted to return to his native village of Dacora, where he spent the remainder of his life, and died at an advanced age, about A. D. 394. Eutropius Patricius ordered his body to be carried to Tyana, and there to be entrusted to the care of the monks, in order that his disciples might not carry it to Constantinople and bury it in the same tomb with that of his teacher Actius. His works were ordered by imperial edict to be destroyed.

"Eunomius wrote several works against the orthodox faith; and Rufinus remarks that his arguments were held in such high esteem by his followers, that they were set above the authority of the Scriptures. After his death edicts were repeatedly issued that his works should be destroyed, and hence most of his works themselves have not come down to us, and all that is extant consists of what is quoted by his opponents for the purpose of refuting him."

[We feel that we have not completed the desirable data for our criticisms until we have given a short account of Ulphilas to whom Philostorgius refers. We quote from McClintock and Strong's Cyclopædia.—Ed.]

"Ulphilas (Ulphilas, Ulfila, or Wulfila), a Gothic bishop, was born among the Goths in 310 (or 311, or 313), and is believed to have belonged to a family of Cappadocian Christians" [In other words, Cappadocian worshippers of the Hindoo Christos.] "whom the Goths had carried into captivity. (Philostorgius's Hist. Eccles. ii. 5). Having mastered the Gothic, Greek and Hebrew languages, he became bishop of the Goths in A. D. 341, and (according to Auxentius) in 348 settled, with permission of the emperor Constantius, in Mœsian territory, near Nicopolis. He propagated among his people the love of letters, formed an alphabet of twenty-four characters, based on the Greek, and translated into Mæso-Gothic the whole Bible except Kings. Ulphilas was a semi-Arian, subscribed to the Creed of Rimini in 359, was at the Synod of Constantinople in 380, and died while attending the Œcumenical Council of 381. Ulphilas's Bible was constantly used by the Gothic people so long as they maintained their nationality, but in the 9th century it disappeared. In the latter part of the 16th century, Arnold Mercator discovered in the Abbey of Werden a fragment containing the four gospels. It was the so-called *Codex Argentinus*, written with silver letters on purple parchment. It is now preserved at Upsala, Sweden. Another fragment, containing nearly all the epistles of St. Paul, was discovered in 1818, on some palimpsests, by Cardinal Mai and Count Castiglioni, in the Lombardian monastery of Babbio, and published at Milan (1819-39)."

We have given enough of the collateral historical facts to make very plain the very great importance of the testimony of Philostorgius as a returning spirit. It is impossible to reasonably question the authenticity of the communication. We feel very sure that Mr. James, the medium, had never heard of Philostorgius, and even if he had, could never have framed a communication so perfectly in accord with the historical data that we have thrown together for the purpose of testing the truth and authenticity of the communication. Until we began the investigation we knew nothing of Philostorgius. We are told by his spirit that when he was a young man he was well acquainted with Ulphilas, and that they were fellow-countrymen, both being Cappadocians. If it was true that Ulphilas was born among the Goths while his mother was in captivity, Philostorgius rightfully claims him as a Cappadocian, as her enforced expatriation could not deprive her or her son of their claims to be citizens of Cappadocia. We are told that Philostorgius was an ardent Arian in his sentiments, and the able defender of Eunomius, the great and persecuted opponent of the orthodox scheme of Christianity. We are told that Ulphilas was a semi-Arian, which is to admit that this writer of a so-called and admitted Christian Bible did not believe in any of the orthodox doctrines concerning Jesus of Nazareth; and it is very certain that Philostorgius wrote concerning the history of the Gothic Church and the work performed in that connection by Ulphilas. We may therefore reasonably infer that it was at the instance of his countryman, Ulphilas, that Philostorgius wrote that ecclesiastical history, of which a Christian writer says: Philostorgius, "being a heretic, it is not to be wondered at that his work has not come down to us." Oh! no, you poor narrow-minded bigot! It was not unnatural that that precious treasure of learning and literary excellence should have been destroyed by the authors of the religious fraud called Christianity! Neither is it any more to be wondered at that the garbled and mutilated version of it, made by the prejudiced orthodox Christian bigot, Photius, should have remained unmo- lested. By such infernal means as these, has mankind been saddled with the curse of Christianity. If we use strong terms in exposing this

monstrous imposition on the stupid credulity of mankind, it is because we are compelled, in the interest of truth, to wade through a mass of sacerdotal and ecclesiastical iniquity that is enough to have tried the patience of Job himself. Had the the history of Philostorgius been permitted to have come down to us, it would be useless for any one to attempt to teach the doctrines of the Christian Church as having any truth about them. It was undoubtedly for that reason that it was destroyed; and for a similar reason that the writings of Eunomius shared the same fate. The followers of Arius well knew the falsity of the doctrines of the orthodox corruptors of the writings of Apollonius, and they made a mighty effort to arrest the intended fraud; but aided and assisted by the Roman priests, who favored the faction that most nearly assimilated with their habits and interests, the orthodox party gained the favor of the emperors; and their opponents, the Arian followers of Apollonius, were at length forced to succumb. With their fall, the hope of humanity went down, not again to be revived until the way was opened for the return of these outraged friends of human rights, from their spirit homes, to give the truth to the world. If we are spared to do our part of the work of liberation, their testimony shall be disseminated in all parts of the earth.

Philostorgius tells us that in his time various versions or translations of the writings of Apollonius of Tyana, were used by Christians to support their mythical god-man Jesus. The spirit must have known what he said to have been true; for we can see no reason whatever why he should speak falsely about it. He must, as a spirit, know that the religious teachings of Apollonius can never be revived, even if he thought it desirable; and therefore we are led to regard what he says as true. Especially are we led to do this by the vast array of historical, as well as spirit testimony, that we have published, all going to establish its truthfulness.

Philostorgius says that Ulphilas understood this as fully as himself, but, like many another, not too scrupulous a seeker of royal favor, he consented to propagate religious doctrines which he did not believe in himself. It will be seen, in what we have cited regarding Ulphilas, that his Version included the Old as well as the New Testament, excepting Kings. If that is so, it seems very strange that no part of that Old Testament rendering should have been preserved, while so much of the least of the two books should have been preserved. We are inclined to believe that Ulphilas did not translate any part of the Old Testament, and only translated the books of the New Testament, and perhaps not all of them, from the Coptic Version of the Testament of Apollonius, which Philostratus said he had before him while writing the life of that great reformer, Apollonius of Tyana. Thus we have the source of the word Testament, as applied to the Christian Scriptures, plainly stated. Philostratus expressly called the writings of Apollonius the "Testament of Apollonius himself."

We do not know who the priest Damases was who translated the Cappadocian Version of Apollonius's Testament, nor do we understand why, on that account, Ulphilas preferred the Coptic version. We presume, however, that the Coptic version was esteemed by Ulphilas as the least corrupted. We do not at all wonder that, Arian as he was, he should steer clear of anything that the Arian renegade Eusebius had had anything to do with.

It is not known when Philostorgius died, but if he was born in 357, and survived Ulphilas, as he alleges, he would have been only forty four years of age at the time of his death. This is hardly likely. We therefore infer he was born earlier than has been supposed. That his history was continued until A. D. 425, we feel very sure is a mistake. The writer we cited above manifestly mistook Valentinian the Third for Valentinian the Younger, the latter being Valentinian second, who was assassinated in A. D. 392. Philostorgius no doubt died shortly afterwards, as his history was not continued beyond the reign of Valentinian the Younger. It is incidents like these, where spirits correct the mistakes of historians, that we find the highest possible proof that these spirit testimonies are entitled to full credit.

If we may credit the spirit's statement regarding the versions of Apollonius's writings, extant in his, Philostorgius's time, then Apollonius must have regarded himself as the Incarnation of the Hindoo god Christna, or at least as his inspired medium, which will account for the peculiar characteristics of the Pauline Epistles, and the mysterious relations which are therein claimed to have existed between the Apostle to the Gentiles (not to the Jews) and Christ, whose designation had no relation to Jesus of Nazareth whatever, but did have especial relation to Christos, the inspiring and animating spirit control, imagined or real, of Apollonius; he, Apollonius, being none other than Paul himself.

The spirit is certainly right in supposing that the doctrine of Jesus Christ being the Saviour, instead of Apollonius, did not obtain a firm foothold until A. D. 600. It is certainly a fact that the Neo-Platonists resisted that doctrine with great determination until even after the date named; and it was not until that opposition was

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